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more or less permanently established in the village, some for the entire season. But the most striking peculiarity is the large number of old habitués and frequenters of the place. I could mention, perhaps, fifty, who have made this summer their fourth or fifth successive one spent in this valley.

As the natural result, cottages, more or less elegant, are building or projected by gentlemen from New York and Boston, while the inhabitants of the town, catching the same spirit, begin to brush up, enlarging their houses, repairing and painting, awaiting the demands of a new season, besides erecting a very nice little meeting-house, tastefully furnished, and well attended. The crowd of visitors have now departed, and left us Conway and the glorious October sun with quiet, and no jar to our congenial intercourse.

But to compare the narrow valley in which West-Campton is deposited with the Pequawket valley, the court of Mount Washington, the King of our Mountains, and at the head of which he stands looking down over the lovely Saco Interval, when his head is not wrapped in clouds! How could anybody be so rash! Where are their ledges—where their grey and solemn Mote—their Kiarsarge for climbing—their distances, like those around Dinsmore's?

But enough—let the Exhibition decide; and if the Camptonians shall produce anything like Coleman's meadows, Shattuck's hill-sides, or any "brook subjects," like those from our Kiarsarge brook, which Huntington, Stillman, and Hubbard, will contribute, why, we Conwaygians will give the Camptonians an oyster supper.

I must not end without a word about an excursion to those wild mountain summits which connect the Sandwich Range with Mote and Franconia. After ascending the valley of Swift River, passing the jagged shoulders of Chocorua, winding along by the rapids, roaring falls, and under the shades of beetling cliffs, you reach at last the grass-grown lane which leads from the road up the mountains. At the end of this we left our horses, and struck boldly into the woods; the ladies, nothing daunted, keeping with us, Miss K—especially, almost throwing us into the background by the graceful ease with which she leaped the chasms, climbed the steep ravines, and threaded her way through tangled thickets and over fallen pines.

After a tramp of several hours, we reached the bold and rocky peak. Fierce winds had levelled any stunted trees that might have grown at such a height; and huge masses of rock, covered with any variety of mosses, gray and brown, were lying confusedly around. The view was glorious, but the lunch, I must confess, absorbed all our thoughts for awhile.

Our lusty guide produced the ponderous basket, and forth came the solid proofs of our kind hostess, Mrs. Thompson's genius—cold chickens, pies, sandwiches, doughnuts, and what not.

Stillman had a fire built in a second. Mrs. H. put the chocolate on to boil; Miss K. spread the cloth, as well as gaiety, by her cheerful wit and merry laugh; and Suydam helped us to fun and champagne, while Post, Hubbard, and myself prepared mossy seats for the gentler portion of the party. We rose, refreshed, to feast our eyes. Far to the north stretched the line of the Franconia Mountains, with the Peak of Lafayette overtopping all. The top of Kiarsarge rose above the abrupt outline of Mote to the east. To the south lay Chocorua, with his talon-like crest uplifted; while below us, and to the southwest, stretched the valley of Mad River—the Welch Mountain, gray and bare,—Campton Valley—and the silver line of the Pemigewasset. With a powerful glass we examined the valley, and distinguished the white umbrellas of the West Campton painters, peering above the little hills. One of our ladies, whose eyes are remarkably bright, declared she could see the expression of

their faces—restless and dissatisfied, casting wistful glances in the direction of Conway—doubtless, pining for the happy valley to which we then descended, more grateful for its ever-varied delights.

I must now tear myself away from this pleasant circle of artists, whose eminent success in studies from nature, in oil-colors, make me regret that I so long confined myself to the lead pencil and water-colors. I am too old, however, to try any new tricks, and must be content with the way in which poor Doughty and I used to pick up nice bits about Nahant and the Cranberry Isles. Should you, my dear CRAYON, ever visit my quiet studio in Dedham, I shall be happy to show you my collection of drawings, and you will be warmly welcomed by

Yours, most anciently,
MUMMY.

NEWPORT, OCT. 13, 1856.

Editor of the Crayon:

In your last there is a letter from this city that evinces great carelessness on the part of the writer, and this is the more reprehensible, as with ordinary care the errors might easily have been corrected. In the second paragraph he states that Gilbert Stuart was born in Newport. On the contrary, Stuart was born in Narragansett, in the old snuff mill still standing on the little stream that falls into the Pettaquamscutt. The building was erected and occupied by his father for grinding snuff, many years before he came to Newport. There the youthful Stuart spent his early days, and before his death he made a pilgrimage to a spot endeared by so many associations, and which for natural beauties is rarely surpassed.

Your correspondent also expresses the belief that Stuart's juvenile works were of a comic character. This is altogether new to Stuart's friends, who all speak of his wit and humor when mention is made of his social life, but I have yet to learn that with his pencil he ever excited the risibles of his associates and admirers.

Of the manner of doing up the scenery of this beautiful island in "chrome and vermilion," I have nothing to say, as no such pictures of its "rock-bound shore," have come under my observation; and as the remarks on the prevailing style of building and the practice of "taming down grounds," are merely the expression of an opinion, they may pass for what they are worth; but there surely is great impropriety in ascribing the merits of one of the only two houses thought worth an especial praise, to a hand that had nothing to do with the design. I allude to the cottage described as "a model of taste and elegance," the design of which is ascribed to Father Fitten, a Catholic priest. It is all that the writer says of it—"quaint, original, sensible, harmonious: the right house in the right place."—but was designed and erected by T. A. Tefft, Esq., Architect of Providence, who has done more to elevate the standard of architectural taste in this state than any other man. His works you are familiar with, and knowing that the cottage referred to was designed by him, you will at once appreciate the remark of your correspondent, when he says "it is the right house in the right place."

In pointing out these errors my object has been solely to correct them, and as your correspondent will see by a little investigation that he has been rather hasty, he will probably be surer of his ground, when, as he proposes, he is led "at some future time to speak more in detail of the architectural structures in this town."

PRUSSIAN BLUE.

We have a letter from our old friend Flake White, dated at Patchogue, L. I., but it came to hand too late for insertion in this number. It will appear in the next.

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

READE'S NEW NOVEL.*

THE two chief phases of life this book claims to present, are Prisoner's Life in an English county gaol, and Miner's Life in Australia.—The first is shown to have both a horrible and winning aspect, according to the master gaoler's character and his system, and the latter, the only appearance, that we suppose, life at the mines is capable of having—alarming and detestable. The book treats of men and their doings, not of things; a work of dialogue and deeds, not of descriptions and sentiments and fine writing. A love intrigue plots the story, but this does not interest us much before the end—it is the photographic delineations of mental life, and the heart's impulses, given with the minuteness of a criminal trial report; the shrewd comments thereupon, and satire, too downright earnest to be laughable, that makes the reading of what is rather a lengthy novel, easy and time-forgetting. Open it everywhere, and you somehow become interested. What has gone before is nothing; there is a scene present, and you seem to comprehend it at once. There is so much thorough earnestness in it all, that the reader can't but get provoked at the outside trivialities, and stern-like eccentricities. Common sense, and the public, we think, would have granted a dispensation to the publishers to tamper with their author so far as to supply an accredited punctuation for his lack of it—a madness, in which like all madmen, he is not consistent, for he does now and then write a paragraph, in which he points his sentences, as ordinary men are wont, much to the shaming of his usual process. Then there are unworthy tricks of typography, and non-sensible illustrations, and affectations of spelling.

As about the only description of nature in the book, and showing the full characteristics of his style—language quaint but telling—we have marked for quotation a passage upon morn-break in Australia:

"A single event, a thousand times weightier to the world each time it comes, than if with one fell stroke all the kingdoms of the globe became republics, and all the republics, empires, so to remain a thousand years. An event an hundred times more beautiful than the eye can hope to see while in the flesh, yet it regaled the other senses, too, and blessed the universal heart.

"Before this prodigious event, came its little heralds, sweeping across the face of the night. First came a little motion of cold air; it was dead still before; then an indefinable freshness; then a very slight, but rather grateful smell from the soil of the conscious earth. Next twittered from the bush one little hesitating chirp.

"Craake! went the lugubrious quail, pooh-poohing the suggestion. Then somehow rocks, and forests and tents, seemed less indistinct in shape, outlines peeped where masses had been.

"Jug! jug! went a bird with a sweet jurgle in his deep throat. Craake! went the ill-omened

* "It is Never Too Late to Mend," a matter of fact Romance. By Charles Reade, author of "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," etc. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. Author's edition. Originally announced as "Susan Merton."

one directly, disputing the last inch of Nature. But a gray thrush took up the brighter view; otock, otock, tock! o tuee o o! o tuee o o! o chio chee! o chio chee! sang the thrush, with a decision as well as melody, that seemed to say, 'ah, but I am sure of it, I am sure, wake up, joy, joy!'

"From that moment there was no more *craake*: the lugubrious quail shut up in despair, perhaps in disdain, and out gurgled another jug! jug! jug! as sweet a chuckle as Nature's sweet voice ever uttered in any land; and with that a mist like a white sheet came to light, but only for a moment, for it dared not stop to be inspected, 'I know who is coming; I'm off,' and away it crept off close to the ground, and little drops of dew peeped sparkling in the frost-powdered grass.

"Yock! yock!

"O chio faliera po! otock, otock, tock! o chio, chee! o chio chee!

"Jug! jug! jug! jug!

"Off we go! off we go!

"And now a thin red streak came into the sky, and perfume burst from the bushes, and the woods hang, not only with songs, some shrill, some sweet as honey, but with a grotesque, yet beautiful electric merriment of birds that can only be heard in this land of wonders.

"Niel gow! niel gow! niel gow! whined a leather-head. Take care o' my hat! cried a thrush, in a soft, melancholy voice; then with frightful harshness and severity, 'Where is your bacca-box! your box! your box! then before any one could answer, in a gay tone that said Devil may care where the box is, or anything else, gyroe de doc! gyroe de doc! roc de doc! cheboc! cheboc! Then came a tremendous cackle, ending with an obstreperous hoo! hoo! ha! from the laughing jackass, who had caught sight of the red streak in the sky—harbinger, like himself, of morn; and the piping crows or whistling magpie, modulating, and humming, and chaunting, not like birds, but like practised musicians, with rich barytone voices, and the next moment creaking, just for all the world like Punch, or barking like a pug-dog. And the delicious thrush, with its sweet and mellow tune. Nothing in an English wood so honey-sweet as his otock, otock, tock! o tuee o o! o tuee o o! o chio chee! o chio chee!

"But the leather-heads beat all. Niel gow! niel gow! niel gow! off we go! off we go! off we go! followed by rapid conversations, the words unintelligible, but perfectly articulate, and interspersed with the oddest chuckles, plans of pleasure for the day, perhaps. Then riddle tiddle tiddle tiddle tiddle tiddle! playing a thing like a fiddle with wires; then off we go! again, and bow! wow! wow! jug! jug! jug! jug! and the whole lot of them in exuberant spirits, such extravagances of drollery, such rollicking jollity, evidently splitting their sides with fun, and not able to contain themselves for it!

"When all this drollery and devilry, and joy, and absurdity were at their maddest; and these thousand feathered functionaries, bubbling song at their highest, then came the cause of all the merry hubbub; the pinnacles of rock turned to burnished gold; nature, that had crept from gloom to pallor, burst from pallor to light and life, and burning color; the sun's great forehead came with one gallant stride into the sky, and it was DAY!"

BOTHWELL: *A Poem*. In Six Parts. By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856.

The author, previously known by his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," gives us in his new volume a connected historical poem, in the octosyllabic metre, so familiarized by Scott, with whom he invites a comparison that is not to be

sustained. The verse flows slipping, and is well turned. The action dramatic, but not wrought so graphically as could be desired; indeed, one in reading who is familiar with the story, often wonders at his passing by some prominent chances for a display. He has no eye for pageantry, such as Scott had. In fact, description of any kind does not come within his scope. The Poem is a rhymed narration, interspersed with soliloquized crimination by the hero. The poetry of the book, truly such, is almost nothing. Prose could have told the tale as effectively, and those numerous by-plays of fancy, gambolings of thought, and soarings of imagination, such as true poets could have not separated from such a theme, find no place in it. Take the portraiture of Queen Bess,—smartly enough written, but without imagination:

"But at the gate the Tempter stood,
Not beautiful nor young;
Nor luring as a syren might,
By magic of her tongue;
High and imperious, stately, proud,
Yet artful to beguile,
A woman, without a woman's heart,
Or woman's sunny smile:
By nature tyrannous and vain,
By kingcraft false and mean,—
She hated Mary from her soul,
As woman and as queen!"

He evokes what poetry lies in a metaphor, and produces this,—

"Mary, the bright and peerless moon,
That shines aloft in heaven,—
Elizabeth the envious cloud
That o'er its disc is driven."

Take an example of the dungeoned hero's communing with himself,—

"But there was hatred in my soul;
And more that glorious sin,
Ambition, cursed by all who lose,
No crime for those who win.
What sceptre ever yet was gained
Without the reddened hand?
Light penance serves to cleanse the stain
From those who rule a land.
Hero, and king, and conqueror,—
So ring the changes here,
For those who rise by any art,
No matter what they were!
Wretch, villain, traitor, regicide—
These are the counter names
For men whom fortune sets aside,
However bold their aims.
I would not care for vulgar speech;
But oh it drives me wild,
To know that cold and reckoning knaves
Have swayed me like a child.
Tell me no more of guilt and shame!
'Tis worse to be a fool,
To play the subtle traitor's game,
Their partner and their tool!"

We take the following, however, to be the finest passage in the poem:

"There is a peak of guilt so high,
That those who reach it stand above
The sweep of dull humanity,
The trail of passion and of love.
The lower clouds that dim the heaven,
Touch not the mountain's hoary crown,
And on the summit, thunder-driven,
God's lightning only smites them down!"

The historical notes, embracing a third of the book, are lucid, succinct, and a useful appendage.

OUR contemporary magazines, here and abroad, are rather destitute this month of contributions to art-literature, and we recur to some which have escaped our attention, of a few weeks earlier date.

Some months ago we noticed an article in Fraser's Magazine, for March, 1856, founded on Monsieur Rio's History of Christian Art. Blackwood for September also reviews the same book under the head of

"THE POETRY OF CHRISTIAN ART."

We extract a few passages:

"The origin of Christian art was wholly different from that of the Christian religion. The art of Christianity came not by revelation, but through development. The earliest writers, while Christian in subject were Pagan in type and style. Christian mosaics in the nave of St. Maria Maggiore do not materially differ from the Pagan bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan. The mural paintings of the catacombs, and their earliest sculptured sarcophagi, are Roman, both in the type of the heads and in the treatment and character of the drapery. The decorations, likewise which adorn their chapels, are similar to the arabesque found in the baths of Titus, and in the houses at Pompeii. There can be little doubt, indeed, that Pagan artists were frequently employed on these Christian works. * * * * We have purposely insisted on their Pagan origin, because we know that the historical connection subsisting between the art and ceremonials of the two religions is often willingly forgotten. Now, to our mind, this corrupt origin of Christian art, in great measure, vitiates the credibility of its testimony. All are unwilling to admit a degraded art, the offspring of an antagonistic religion, executed, in some instances, by the hands of Pagan artists, as a trustworthy witness of the truth and purity of Christianity. * * * At length this degradation of the West was displaced by the debility and lifeless mannerism of Eastern, or Byzantine art. * * * Late Pagan, and, consequently, Roman Christian art had become a low conventional nature. Byzantine, on the other hand, took the form of a low conventional ideal. * * * *

"A striking confirmation of the thought, origin of Byzantine Art-types is found in their satisfying the requirements and phases of thought. These Byzantine pictures by, it would seem, an unearthly spell of ugliness, rather than through the fascination of beauty, especially incite the worship of the multitude. It is these Byzantine Madonnas, dark, dirty and forbidden, some of which are ascribed to the hand of St. Luke, that generally possess the gift of miracles, and receive from their grateful votaries the most costly offerings. It is not the Holy Families of Raphael, not the Holy Saints of Fra Angelico and Perugino, the true miracles of Art, which are endowed with supernatural powers, but rather these Byzantine products of monastic thought and secluded prayer, which, by their distance from nature, would seem to carry the thoughts into the supernatural. It was, therefore, perhaps fitting that this strange and unreal manifestation should become the basis of that true and exalted Christian Art, which created the divine out of the human, and discovered the supernatural around and within the natural."

In looking over a volume of Bancroft's Miscellaneous Essays, we find the following passage on

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"The sentiment for the beautiful resides in every breast. The lovely forms of the external

world delight us from their adaptation to our powers :

Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
Her features could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic sense
That hourly speaks within us?

The Indian mother, on the borders of Hudson's Bay, decorates her manufactures with ingenious devices and lively colors, prompted by the same instinct which guided the pencil and mixed the colors of Raphael. The inhabitant of Nootka Sound tattoos his body with the method of harmonious arabesques. Every form to which the hands of the artist have ever given birth, sprung first into being as a conception of his mind, from a natural faculty, which belongs not to the artist exclusively, but to man. Beauty, like truth and justice, lives within us; like virtue and the moral law, it is a companion of the soul. The power which leads to the production of beautiful forms, or to the perception of them in their works, which God has made, is an attribute of Humanity."

From an exchange we clip—

"NATURE PAINTING.—A *Revived Art*. The principle of this art, about which so much has recently been said in scientific circles, growing out of the discoveries made by an Austrian artist—appears to have been known as far back as 250 years ago, and to have been applied in the first instance to the taking impressions of plants for the purpose of botanists. A leaf being placed over an oil lamp, it was, when blackened and mollified by the heat, placed between two sheets of paper, and a violent pressure being applied to it, an accurate copy of it was obtained. The next step was the taking of impressions by steel rollers, in which case it was necessary for the plant to be perfectly dry. In 1852, a new method was discovered of printing from gutta percha, by which the object remained uninjured after great pressure. The process now adopted is to press the object into a leaden plate, the second important element in the printing being electrotyping. By this beautiful process, the most accurate copies are now obtained of plants, ferns, lace, fossils, and grained wood."

The *Westminster Review*, for July, 1856, has an article on "The Natural History of German Life," which contains a sentence or two worthy of note in our point of view :

"How little the real character of the working classes is known to those who are outside of them; how little their natural history has been studied, is sufficiently disclosed by our art as well as by our political and social theories. Where, in our picture exhibitions shall we find a group of true peasantry? What English artist ever attempts to rival in truthfulness such studies of popular life as the pictures of Teniers or the ragged boys of Murillo? Even one of the greatest painters of the pre-eminently realistic school, while in his picture of *The Hiring Shepherd*, he gave us a landscape of marvellous truthfulness, placed a pair of peasants in the foreground, who were not much more real than the idyllic swains and damsels of our chimney ornaments. Only a total absence of acquaintance and sympathy with our peasantry, could give a moment's popularity to such a picture as *Cross Purposes*, where we have a peasant girl, who looks as if she knew L. E. L.'s poems by heart, and English rustics, whose costume seems to indicate that they are meant for ploughmen with exotic features, that remind us of a handsome *primo tenore*. * * * The notion that peasants are joyous, that the typical moment to represent a man in a smock-frock is when he is cracking a joke and showing

a row of sound teeth, that cottage matrons are usually buxom, and village children necessarily rosy and merry, are prejudices difficult to dislodge from the artistic mind, which looks for its subjects into literature instead of life. * * * But no one who has seen much of actual ploughmen thinks them jocund; no one who is well acquainted with the English peasantry, can pronounce them merry. The slow gaze in which no sense of beauty beams, no humor twinkles, the slow utterance, and the heavy, slouching walk, remind one rather of that melancholy animal, the camel, than of the sturdy countryman, with striped stockings, red waistcoat, and hat aside, who represents the traditional English peasant.

"A picture of human life, such as a great artist can give, surprises even the trivial and the selfish into that attention to what is apart from themselves, which may be called the raw material of moral sentiment. When Scott takes us into Luckie Mucklebackit's cottage, or tells the story of The Two Drovers,—when Wordsworth sings to us the reverie of Poor Susan,—when Kingsley shows us Alton Locke gazing yearningly over the gate which leads from the highway into the first wood he ever saw—when Horning paints a group of chimney-sweepers—more is done towards linking the higher classes with the lower, towards obliterating the vulgarity of exclusiveness, than by hundreds of sermons and philosophical dissertations. Art is the nearest thing to life; it is a mode of amplifying experience and extending our contact with our fellow-men beyond the bounds of our own personal lot. All the more sacred is the task of the artist when he undertakes to paint the life of the people."

One more extract on

NATIONAL TYPES.

"In Germany, perhaps more than in any other country, it is among the peasantry that we must look for the historical type of the national *physique*. For example, in certain districts of Hesse are seen long faces, with high foreheads, long straight noses, and small eyes, with arched eyebrows and large eyelids. On comparing these physiognomies with the sculpture in the church of St. Elizabeth, at Marburg, executed in the thirteenth century, it will be found that the same old Hessian type of face has subsisted unchanged, with this distinction only, that the sculptures represent princes and nobles, whose features then bore the stamp of their race, while that stamp is now to be found only among the peasants. A painter who wants to draw mediæval characters with historic truth, must seek his model among the peasantry. This explains why the old German painters gave the heads of their subjects a greater uniformity of type, than the painters of our day; the race had not attained to a high degree of individualization in features and expression. It indicates, too, that the cultured man acts more as an individual; the peasants move as one of a group."

We take a stanza or two of descriptive verses from a recent English poem, "Gabriel," by Miss Parkes, said to be founded on incidents in Shelley's life.

"I know a house, its open doors
Wide set to catch the scented breeze,
While dimpling all the oaken floors,
Faint shadows of the swaying trees
Pass in and out like spectral things,
Dim creatures born of summer light,
Till through the deepening twilight springs
A paler radiance of the night.

"Great elms, a glorious altar-veil
Screen off the yellow evening skies,

'Mid those thick branches blue and pale,
The gent smoke doth, curling rise,
And wavering in the waveless air,
A certain tender touch impart
To what were else too calmly fair;
Like memory in some heaven-taught heart."

In a review of *Thorwaldsen's Leben*, by Thiele, second vol., Leipsig, 1856, we find an interesting artistic anecdote, well illustrative of artists' idiosyncrasies :

"One summer evening, in 1820, the secretary of the Hanoverian Embassy at Rome, while riding through Albano, was struck with the beauty of a girl about thirteen years old, who sat knitting at the door of a very humble house. Subsequently he introduced the girl, Vittoria by name, and her mother at the German embassy, where every one was fascinated by her marvellous beauty, being pleased by her noble carriage and picturesque dress, and through their means she was brought to Rome, and introduced to the artists. Sculptor after sculptor modelled her bust, and the painters, with Horace Vernet at their head, strove to do justice to her in portraits, of which there are no fewer than twenty-four in existence. But all confessed themselves vanquished in the contest, and unanimously declared that not one of them had seized the entire beauty of their model. The most curious fact, however, in this little history is, that when the various busts and portraits were compared, there were scarcely two that bore any semblance to each other; an additional proof that each man sees things not as they are but as they appear through his peculiar mental media. Thorwaldsen tried his hand with the rest, but was not more successful. He subsequently used his bust of Vittoria for the head of the young mother and her children, in the group of John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness, which he executed for the Church of the Virgin, at Copenhagen."

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS BY DR. KANE. 2 vols. Childs & Peterson; Philadelphia. At length we have this long-promised book upon our table, and we give it a cordial welcome. It is one of the few illustrated works published in this country deserving the name. We have read it hieroglyphically, as it were, by merely looking at the plates and wood cuts, and we find them sufficiently attractive to lead us into the text, when time permits, instead of repelling us from it. The steel plates are executed under the superintendence of Mr. J. M. Butler, and the wood engravings, of Messrs. Van Ingen & Snyder, the original drawings being made by Dr. Kane. Some of them have been worked up to use a technical term, by Mr. J. Hamilton, so as to bring them into proper effect for the engraver. What is very apparent to an artistic eye, is, that no pains has been spared to render the illustrations as perfect as possible, with the talent employed upon them. This department of a work, that of illustration, does not seem to be well understood by publishers. The offences committed by them in the name of art are not to be counted, and they are usually so glaring as to make the judicious laugh, instead of making them grieve, except as they may do so at the ignorance of the public. The typography is of equal excellence with the illustrations: the type is large, the paper is good, and the book is admirably printed. This work is the

most honest production of the kind that has yet come under our eye, and the publishers deserve great credit for their enterprise and liberality.

AMONG the illustrated works announced for publication, we notice "Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and British American Provinces," by Charles Lanman. The author of this work is well known for his ability to describe scenery, and for certain other pen advantages which always make a book attractive. He is also an artist, and skilled in the choice of his subjects. We have before us proofs of three of the drawings engraved for the work, being views respectively of "River St. John, Florida," "Bluffs on Lake Superior," and a scene called "Spearing Salmon in New Brunswick," all by Mr. Lanman. The wilds of the United States, we suspect, are more beautiful and attractive than people are generally aware of; we are glad to have information about them from one who can paint with pen and pencil.

THE LEGEND OF SABINE.

THE MAIDEN ARCHITECT OF STRASBOURG.

"Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain."

LONGFELLOW.

How many are daily lamenting that female vocations are so few, and that dependence must therefore be the lot of the great majority of women who are not among the very small number born to fortune? Would it not be wiser than lamentation to examine carefully how far custom or prejudice have unnecessarily restricted the careers of industry and art, in which the delicate taste and sensitive refinement of the female mind might find such fitting exercise?

The Legend of Sabine, the daughter of Erwin de Steinbach, the architect of Strasbourg, is an illustration of the beautiful adaptiveness of feminine talent to the highest walks of art; even the sublime combinations of architecture upon the most gigantic scale.

In the fourteenth century many of the greatest of the vast cathedrals of central Europe were rising toward completion, their fretted towers piercing the heavens to an elevation that the greatest works of classical antiquity never attained; the whole of these stupendous structures so covered with carvings, of such minute and exquisite beauty, that one might fancy myriads of lace-working atomies had wrought these sculptured mountains from the living rock, in the slow progress of countless ages, as the coral worm gradually builds up tropic continents from the base of the fathomless ocean.

So great was the enthusiasm with which these vast Christian temples were reared, so abundant the supply of artistic skill, that, at the time Erwin de Steinbach submitted his plan of the great tower of Strasbourg to Bishop Conrad, of Lichtenberg, the most skillful artisans flocked in such multitudes to the work, that the chroniclers of the time compare them to a whole population engaged upon it, forming, as they state, one of the most extraordinary spectacles of the time. And such was the one-mindedness with which this mass of artists conducted their simultaneous labor, that no single name is preserved prior to that of Steinbach. Of the original planner of the vast temple, of all the cunning carvers of the countless

statues, and all the quaint and excellent devices so highly wrought, so carefully finished in every part, the names are all unknown—all absorbed in this vast labor of love and faith.

The name of Sabine alone is snatched from the general obscurity by a trait of sentiment which proves, as the beautiful lines of Longfellow, at the head of this article, so sweetly express it, that—

"It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain."

Erwin de Steinbach died, as so many had done before him, ere the completion of the temple, and dying with the ambition of a true artist, conjured his son Jean, and his daughter Sabine (both devoted with success to the art of their father), not to allow any name but that of Steinbach to become associated with the termination of the rapidly advancing structure.

It was decreed that the completion of the work should be confided to the architect who should within twelve days produce the most excellent plan for that object. Among those who had worked in the vast *ateliers* of Erwin were two youthful architect-sculptors, who had beheld, not without the deep sympathy of artists as well as lovers, the talent, the devotion, and the beauty of Sabine. The elder of these was Bernard de Sunden, a Silesian, a youth of mild character, tinctured with a strong cast of the deep devotion which animated many of the greatest workers of that high period of Christian art. The younger was known by the name of Polydore, and was a native of Boulogne; of a reckless and ambitious character. On the eleventh day he exhibited a plan for completing the works; it was a magnificent design, full of the boldness and daring which distinguished the character of its author. Sabine saw it—wondered at its beauty, and retired to a small cell in the old *atelier*, which was her own peculiar studio, to weep, for she saw that her brother Jean was vanquished, and that another, perhaps more dear, was vanquished also, the meek Bernard, who had found more favor in the secret heart of the artist-maiden than the daring Polydore.

Night came at last to hide her bitter tears, as she wept herself to sleep. But in that sleep the highest regions of art seemed miraculously opened to her. She saw in the dream-land of her artist-vision temples and palaces in which the highest beauties of Gothic art were carried far beyond all she had seen on earth; and, waking, the dream was all so palpable, so clear, that she traced the temple of the splendid vision upon a sheet of parchment with such accuracy that it seemed a realization of her dream. It was the twelfth day—the prize was adjudged to Sabine.

The work advanced rapidly, the matchless sculptures of the portal of the great clock tower excited general enthusiasm, and all expressed the deepest admiration except Polydore, who had daringly demanded the hand of the maiden-architect, and been refused. But what excited the greatest wonder was, the rapid progress of these intricate and elaborate sculptures, which every morning seemed even more advanced and more beautiful than the night before; in so much that it was deemed miraculous, and superstition whispered strange stories of bands of angels toiling in the night at the edifice, and that Sabine was visibly protected by heaven.

Only two days more were required to complete the exquisite portal, when, on the morning of the last day but one, great part of the work was found defaced and broken. It was then that the fickleness of popular favor was truly shown: the destruction, it was averred, was the work of demons; the labors of Sabine were rejected of God. Bernard de Sunden alone still believed in the piety and goodness of Sabine; and at night, the last night, his figure might have been seen gliding from pinnacle to pin-

nacle, among the mingled turrets and scaffolding of the cathedral, towards the summit of the great portal. Arrived at the place where the greatest mutilation had been committed, he was near falling from the yet unprotected wall on which he stood, as he saw, advancing towards him, a shadowy white figure, so slender, so graceful, so beaming with a divine earnestness and expression, that, as the beautiful head seemed surrounded with a kind of glory in the ray of gentle moonlight that fell upon it through an opening of the tracery, he thought he beheld one of the angels whose immortal hands had been supposed to have shed such superhuman beauty upon the sculptures of the portal.

But as he stood and gazed, supported against the crocketed pinnacle of the turret, he perceived that it was no other than Sabine herself; and that she trod the giddy path along the narrow walls, across the tottering planks, over the gaping void of darkness beneath—not with the cunning and experienced step of the waking, but with the wonderful instinct of the sleeping. Thus was the magical progress of the work explained to the wondering Bernard, as he beheld the sleeping girl ply the mallet and the chisel with a rapidity and skill that plainly showed she was dreaming the execution of the work, of which she had already dreamed the design.

As Bernard stood concealed in the shadow of a buttress, another stealthy step was heard; and a tall, dark figure emerged from the dark intricacies of this upper part of the vast building, and advancing towards the opposite side of the top of the portal to the one where Sabine was working, commenced with mallet and chisel a destruction as active as the restoration which was going on, on the opposite side. The two figures might have symbolised the spirits of Good and Evil—of creation and destruction.

"Yes!" exclaimed Bernard, in an undertone; "yes, Polydore! thou art as truly the *demon* who destroyed, as that girl is the angel who created the work."

Polydore turned fiercely towards the speaker, by whom he found himself thus unexpectedly discovered; and advancing furiously towards him, a fearful struggle was about to commence on the narrow wall, with a yawning gulf on either side, hundreds of feet deep, when Polydore, in his rage, missed his footing—and fell headlong into the deep, dark chasm below.

The day had arrived when the great portal of the clock-tower was to be exhibited to the public; the morning beamed brightly on the light new stonework of the vast building; and as the workmen prepared to remove the scaffolding and screen from the work—completed, as it seemed, by a miracle;—the body of Polydore, with the evidences of his guilt—the mutilating mallet and chisel, lying near his hand, was discovered beneath the arch of the great, and now perfect, portal.

Is it necessary to add, that Sabine became the wife of Bernard de Sunden, and that they planned and executed many beautiful works together, not the least of which are the exquisite sculptures of Magdebourg?

The statue of Sabine, which commemorates her story and her share in the adornment of the cathedral of Strasbourg, is from the chisel of M. P. Grass, now entrusted with the repairs and restoration of this exquisite monument of the art and the faith of the Middle Ages.—*The Ladies' Companion*. London.

ARISTOTLE tells us that the Greeks taught their children the art of drawing, with a view to enable them to judge with discernment and taste, of those bodily proportions that constitute true beauty.—*Winkelman*.

TRUTH is the key of Art as knowledge is of power.—*Sir T. Lawrence*.